

HE COULDN'T SEE

HV 1792
.L6 1939



Dollars and Sense

In which we give helpful suggestions for occupational development of the physically handicapped, answer vocational queries and co-operate with any agency interested in a similar work.

HE COULDN'T SEE . . .

But that didn't keep John Long from earning his own way, putting two sons through college, and buying a home . . . all through Direct Selling!

By
**CLETUS
JUNK**

THE clang of a fire alarm piercing the stillness of an early morning 28 years ago was the cue which rung up the curtain on a drama of courageous living the like of which even the stage seldom sees and in which *direct-selling* played an indispensable role. Aroused from peaceful slumber, young John Long found himself trapped on the fifth floor of the Aveline House, the destruction of which hostelry remains the outstanding holocaust within the memory of citizens of Fort Wayne, Indiana. Twelve persons lost their lives in the fire, and to Providence alone Long owes his presence on earth these many years later. Amid the screams of terrified patrons, Long had the choice of two alternatives, either of which meant certain death. He could brave the flames which were being drawn into the room by a strong draft and attempt to escape through the hall and down the five flights of stairs, or he could jump from the lone window of his room. He chose to do the latter, and, miracle of miracles, he lived to tell the story. However, he had suffered an injury to the nerves at the back of his neck which brought blindness to him a year later.

And with the loss of vision, young Long was confronted with a future that was as black as his affliction was incurable. Gone was his former secure position. And a happy home life brightened by the presence of a wife and two babies was seriously threatened by the frightful reality that, blindness or no blindness, his responsibilities as breadwinner remained. He gave it some serious thinking . . . and then DID something about it.

It didn't take an overly lot of reasoning to convince him that direct selling offered the only likely means of surmounting the very same handicap which countless thou-

sands before him had conceded to be insurmountable. The next question with him was, "What to sell?"

"I chose extracts and flavors to sell because to me this line of products appeared to have the greatest number of prospects within my city—the only territory I could then, or can ever hope, to safely and conveniently cover. Besides, I figured that something with a continually repeating demand was best for my case, and I also made sure that the companies behind the products I sold were dependable. I couldn't afford to take any chances then."

That he chose wisely and planned well is indicated by the unusual measure of success which has rewarded his efforts through nearly a third of a century. His two sons were well educated and today hold responsible positions in the business world. The Longs own their own home, and while John is too modest to call his record a success, in the face of such overwhelming odds, his accomplishments have been nothing short of phenomenal.

"It was mighty tough, you can bet," agreed Long, "for the first several years, raising two boys and trying to make ends meet." But persistence and a will to win soon began to be reflected in growing sales—and what's more important, growing good will. For several years he sold only original extracts, but the demand for imitations gained momentum, and for the past 22 years Long has carried both.

As the number of his friends and customers increased, the number of cold-turkey or house-to-house calls necessary to keep him busy became fewer and fewer. In fact, today Mr. Long only makes a house-to-house canvass about twice a year, and then he does it largely just to keep him from going stale. Otherwise he is kept busy calling on regular customers, or in delivering orders which come to him over the telephone. Mrs. Long drives the family car and frequently takes time from her housework to aid Mr. Long in making deliveries to all parts of the city. Long seldom gets in a wrong house and knows his way by familiarizing himself with landmarks which go unnoticed by the average pedestrian. By a crack in the sidewalk, a hedge fence, or a barking dog he knows

We believe the following poem shared by Mrs. Francis C. McMath of Detroit, Michigan, will strike a responsive chord with many of you. Mrs. McMath said: "I feel this poem is especially appropriate for those who do not travel."

Fifty Acres

*I've never been to London
I've never been to Rome
But on my fifty acres
I travel here at home—*

*The hills that look upon me
Right here where I was born
Shall be the mighty Jungfrau
My Alps, my Matterhorn.*

*A little land of Egypt
My meadow plot shall be
With pyramids of hay stacks
Along its shadowed lea—*

*My hundred yards of brush lot
Shall fancy's faith beguile
And be my Rhine, my Avon
My Amazon, my Nile.*

*My humble bed of roses,
My honeysuckle hedge
Will do for all the gardens
At all the far world's edge.*

*In June I find the tropics
Camped all about the place,
Then white December shows me
The Arctic's frozen face.*

*My woodlot grows an Arden
My pond a Caspian Sea
And so my fifty acres
Is all the world to me!*

*Here on my fifty acres
I, safe at home remain,
And have my own Bermuda,
My Sicily, my Spain.*

—JAMES LARKIN PEARSON,
WILKESBORO, N. C.

The following lines shared by Glenn Payton of Western T. B. Sanitarium, Clinton, Oklahoma, will be echoed by many now chasing a cure.

Wishes

*I wish I were beneath a tree
A-sleeping in a nook,
With all the pills I've got to take—
Took!*

*I wish I were beside the sea,
Or sailing in a boat,
With all the things I've got to write—
Wrote!*

*I wish I were on yonder hill,
A-baking in the sun,
With all the work I've got to do—
Done!*

*I wish that Doc would stop beside
My bed before the dawn
And say, "Your 'bugs' are on the go—
Gone!"*
—WHEEZER.

Years ago, this poem shared by Delmar G. Miner of Mountain View, California, helped him to find his way back to health, the healing words lifting him from utter discouragement. Each morning Mr. Miner's sister insisted that he read the poem over several times, and he said the result was truly amazing. He had come from the east to visit his sister in California.

Your Test and Mine

*The test of the man is the fight that he
makes,
The grit that he daily shows;
The way that he stands on his feet and
takes
Fate's numerous bumps and blows.*

*A coward can smile when there's naught
to fear,
When nothing his progress bars—
It takes a man to stand up and cheer
When some other fellow stars!*

*It's the bumps you get, the knocks you get,
The shocks that your courage stands;
It's the hours of sorrow and vain regret,
The prize that escapes your hands.*

*That's the test of your courage, and proof
of your worth,
For it isn't the blows you deal,
But the blows you take on this good old
earth
That shows if your stuff is real!*

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

SHARE YOUR POEMS

The Poet's Nook is edited by Robert Kingery Buell, Poetry Editor, 921 Mercy Street, Mountain View, California. When mailing your favorite poem, original or otherwise, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelop to guarantee its return. Copyrighted poems must be accompanied by the name of the book, magazine or paper in which they appear, as well as the publisher's name, including date of issue, as permission to reprint must be obtained before they can be republished.

the homes of his customers.

It is not a part of Long's policy to ask or expect sympathy or charity in his business, and he has devoted much time and study to the improvement of his selling tactics. He has learned to read and write Braille, and has become proficient at the typewriter. He has never assumed the attitude so often taken by the sightless who sell—that of being offended by a turn-down. "It is far better," he says, "to smile 'Thank You' and go on to the next customer. Sales will be greater at the end of a day or week or month, and you haven't created any ill will."

How well Long knows the exact business in his community is revealed in the fact that he can tell whether eggs are high or low in price merely by the way almond flavor and the yellow food colors move. When eggs are high, housewives use fewer eggs and more yellow food color to give pastries the same appearance as if the required number of eggs were used. He says that when eggs are high most angel food cakes come far short of getting the usual eleven eggs. But it makes more business for him so he isn't violently opposed to a raise in egg prices now and then.

Frequent orders through the mail from customers who have moved away from the city but who like his products and his service, is another indication of how well he has established his business. During the depression, Long admits, his business was hurt by the number of factory workers who turned to selling extracts when they were laid off, because some of his customers were relatives or friends of the workers and had to patronize them. But these customers came back to Long as conditions improved and the erstwhile extract sellers were called back to their jobs.

"Yes," said Mr. Long, "the extract and flavor market is different today than it used to be. Whereas formerly nearly every housewife did her own baking, now only a fraction of them do it. This changing trend naturally lessened the market for extracts and flavors, but this has largely been offset by another development which has come along—the electric refrigerator. Today housewives are interested in flavorings and extracts not for baking pies, cakes and cookies, but rather for making frozen desserts and dishes in the ice box. They are now more interested in knowing that a certain flavor will not freeze out than in learning that it won't boil or bake out.

"There is a great future in this field, and I am convinced that by applying a little intelligent thought along the way my volume of sales will continue to grow from year to year."

That direct-selling has brought to Mr.

PLEASE

mention **OUTWITTING HANDICAPS** when writing to your friends . . . be its friend as it wishes to be yours.

Long a far greater measure of the good things of life than he dared expect 28 years ago, he'll not deny. For, to him, it has meant the difference between a sightless indigent, dependent on relatives or charity for a livelihood, and a hard working business man doing something he likes and receiving remuneration that is commensurate for all his needs.

"Thank God You've Still Got a Job"

HENRY CRAGIN WALKER tells about a chap who worked for a big concern for many years and thought he had a right to an increase in salary. When he asked for it, his boss said: "You go back to your desk and think for the next two weeks of some way to lower our costs of production—any way, even a small one."

The chap did, with no results.

Then the boss said: "Well, try and think of some method by which you can increase this concern's business." So the employee tried for a month to think of some way, but at the end of the thirty days he failed again, and so reported.

His boss sighed and said: "If you can't think of any way to help lower costs or increase our business, return to your duties and thank God you've still got a job."

—Net Results.

A Specialized Service

A young woman who had been badly crippled from birth decided to do something to bring the right sort of interests into her life.

It wasn't altogether a necessity for her to earn money—that is, when she began, but by the time she had become established, the depression had set in and the income she was able to make was not at all unwelcome in her family.

First, she had cards printed giving her name, address, telephone number, and a brief resume of the service she was offering to those who desired to patronize her.

Her work was to make alterations in certain types of ready-to-wear clothing. She had discovered that many people wish slips, or skirts of dresses shortened, shoulder straps of underwear adjusted, darts taken in to make a garment form-fitting, neck lines changed a bit, or sleeve lengths altered, and are glad to pay to have it done neatly and expeditiously.

Have you carved out some novel career for yourself? The editors would like you to tell them about it.

She is in a wheel chair and now has a small electric, table sewing machine which she can pull on an extension over her knees and make it convenient to use. These small jobs are "leads" for the permanent patronage of the original client or the client's family or friends.

This young woman is able to do some hand embroidery, perhaps giving an exclusive touch to an inexpensive or bargain sale article.

Her equipment is very little. She has on her bed-room door, a full-length mirror which is not so very wide but answers the purpose. It cost less than a dollar and affords an opportunity for the person having an alteration made to see for herself what is being done.

Developing the ability to meet people and to fulfill the requirements of different individuals has created a remarkable resourcefulness, and this young woman has been able to branch out in different ways.

First, she accumulated enough money to buy an electric machine. With this she has been able to handle the making of some small garments for children—little romper suits of seersucker and things of that kind. She has also taken up knitting and has found that there is quite a sale for knitted baby jackets and small sweaters, heavy to hold or which call for the outlay

She doesn't tackle articles which are of much money. She undertakes special commissions in the way of crocheted yolks or edge finishings.

From time to time she carries a modest classified advertisement, offering to help with what there isn't time to do at home,



"Yes my boy . . . I owe all my success to my splendid memory!"

or the "know how".

Not only has this undertaking proved a financial aid but it has put much in the way of interest and pleasure into the worker's life.

Songs For Sale

OCCASIONALLY letters are received from aspiring lyricists asking how they can get their songs published and where. For their benefit we offer the following list of reputable music publishers: Boston Music Co., 116 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.; Hall & McCreary Co., 434 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.; G. Schirmer, Inc., 3 E. 43rd St., New York City.

In the October 1939 issue of *Author & Journalist** Harry MacPherson, a professional lyric writer, offers this advice:

"When a professional song writer tries to explain to some talented and ambitious amateur that he hasn't the proverbial ghost of a chance to get his numbers published, the almost invariable and disbelieving retort goes something like this:

"There *must* be a chance for newcomers. New composers and authors appear every year and succeed with their songs. They have obviously been unknowns. Can't I get a start the way they did?"

"These are natural and logical questions and conclusions. There's a very simple explanation of how professional newcomers get started. There's also an elementary explanation of why—as before stated—the average amateur, regardless of the merit of his songs, hasn't a chance.

"The business, or racket, of marketing popular songs bears scarcely any relationship to the problem of marketing articles, fiction or poetry. Editors buy these latter writing productions, in the main, on sheer merit of the words. Known authors, of course, have a better chance than unknowns if their product is anywhere near up to standard. But I believe it true that an unknown author of a first-class short-story will find readier acceptance than will a famous author who has started slipping backward.

"In the 'song game', however, this is not true. The quality of any untried song is always highly debatable among experts. Your most astute and veteran publishers will confess that picking a song for potential popularity is mostly a gamble.

"Hence they have adopted what may seem to amateurs as an unfair system of deciding upon songs for publication. They refuse to read, listen to or consider in any way numbers written by unknowns. And, in general, they even refuse to consider songs written by well-known authors and composers unless these compositions are

**Author & Journalist*, (writer's magazine)
1837 Champa Street, Denver, Colorado.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2017 with funding from
American Printing House for the Blind, Inc.

